

THE  
T E M P E S T;  
OR, THE  
ENCHANTED ISLAND.

WRITTEN BY SHAKSPEARE;  
WITH ADDITIONS FROM DRYDEN;

AS COMPILED BY

J. P. K E M B L E.

AND FIRST ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

OCTOBER 13TH, 1789.

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L O N D O N:

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T. M. F. S. T.

OF THE

ENCHANTED ISLAND.

WRITTEN BY SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ADDITIONS FROM DRYDEN.

AT LONDON.



THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PERFORMED BY THE

LONDON.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PERFORMED BY THE

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

|                  |   |   |   |                 |
|------------------|---|---|---|-----------------|
| <i>Prospero,</i> | - | - | - | Mr. Bensley.    |
| <i>Alonzo,</i>   | - | - | - | Mr. Packer.     |
| <i>Anthony</i>   | - | - | - | Mr. Phillimore. |
| <i>Gonzalo,</i>  | - | - | - | Mr. Aickin,     |
| <i>Stephano,</i> | - | - | - | Mr. Moody.      |
| <i>Trincalo,</i> | - | - | - | Mr. Baddeley.   |
| <i>Caliban,</i>  | - | - | - | Mr. Williames.  |
| <i>Hippolito</i> | - | - | - | Mrs. Goodall.   |

## W O M E N.

|                 |   |   |   |                 |
|-----------------|---|---|---|-----------------|
| <i>Miranda,</i> | - | - | - | Mrs. Croueh.    |
| <i>Dorinda,</i> | - | - | - | Miss Farren.    |
| <i>Ariel,</i>   | - | - | - | Miss Romanzini. |

## O T H E R   S P I R I T S.

|               |                  |
|---------------|------------------|
| Mr. Dignum,   | Miss Hagley.     |
| Mr. Danby,    | Mrs. Fox.        |
| Mr. Fawcett,  | Miss Barnes.     |
| Mr. Wilson,   | Miss Stageldoir. |
| Mr. Maddocks, | Mrs. Shaw.       |
| Mr. Alfred,   | Mrs. Butler.     |

## *The Masque of Neptune and Amphitrite.*

|                    |   |   |   |               |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---------------|
| <i>Neptune,</i>    | - | - | - | Mr. Sedgwick. |
| <i>Amphitrite,</i> | - | - | - | Mrs. Edwards. |

# DRAMATIS PERSONAE

## MEN

|                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Mr. Hamlet      | Mr. Polonius     |
| Mr. Claudius    | Mr. Laertes      |
| Mr. Gertrude    | Mr. Ophelia      |
| Mr. Rosencrantz | Mr. Guildenstern |
| Mr. Voltemand   | Mr. Barnardo     |
| Mr. Francisco   | Mr. Marcellus    |
| Mr. Bernardo    | Mr. Reynaldo     |

## WOMEN

|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| Queen Gertrude | Queen Hamlet   |
| Queen Ophelia  | Queen Polonius |
| Queen Hamlet   | Queen Polonius |

## OTHER CHARACTERS

|                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Mr. Hamlet      | Mr. Claudius     |
| Mr. Gertrude    | Mr. Ophelia      |
| Mr. Rosencrantz | Mr. Guildenstern |
| Mr. Voltemand   | Mr. Barnardo     |
| Mr. Francisco   | Mr. Marcellus    |
| Mr. Bernardo    | Mr. Reynaldo     |

Mr. Hamlet  
Mr. Claudius  
Mr. Gertrude  
Mr. Ophelia  
Mr. Rosencrantz  
Mr. Guildenstern  
Mr. Voltemand  
Mr. Barnardo  
Mr. Francisco  
Mr. Marcellus  
Mr. Bernardo  
Mr. Reynaldo



*J. Deane & Junr*

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THE  
T E M P E S T.

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A C T I.

SCENE, *a Rocky part of the Island.*

*Enter Prospero, meeting Miranda.*

*Prospero.*

MIRANDA, where's your sister?

*Mir.* I left her looking from the pointed rock  
On the huge beat of waters.—

It is a dreadful object!

*Prof.* Be collected;

I shall do nothing but in care of thee,  
Of thee, my daughter, and thy pretty sister.  
You both are ignorant of what you are,  
Naught knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more  
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

*Mir.* More to know,  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Prof.* 'Tis time I should inform thee farther.—  
The fated wreck of that same bark,  
I shall, with such provision of mine art,  
To safely order,  
That not so much perdition as a hair

B

Shall

Shall 'tide to any creature in our vessel.—  
Attend, for thou must now know farther.

*Mir.* You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,  
And left me to a bootless inquisition—  
Concluding—"stay,—not yet"—

*Prof.* The hour's now come ;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear :  
Obey, and be attentive.—Can'st thou remember  
A time before we came unto this isle ?  
I do not think thou can'st, for then thou wast not  
Out three years old.

*Mir.* Certainly, Sir, I can.

*Prof.* By what ? By any other house or person ?  
Of any thing the image, tell me, that  
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

*Mir.* 'Tis far off ;  
And rather like a dream, than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants : had I not  
Four or five women once, that tended me ?

*Prof.* Thou had'st, and more, Miranda.  
Fifteen years since, my child, but fifteen years  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and  
A Prince of power.

*Mir.* Sir, are not you my father ?

*Prof.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter, and thy sister too ;  
And thy father was the Duke of Milan,  
Thou his heir—a Princess—no worse issu'd.

*Mir.* O the Heav'ns !  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?  
Or blessed was't we did ?

*Prof.* Both, both, my girl ;  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd  
thence ;  
But blessedly help'd hither.

*Mir.* O, my heart bleeds ;  
To think o'the teen that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is, from my remembrance ! please you fur-  
ther.

*Prof.*

*Prof.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Anthonio,—

I pray thee, mark me— that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state, being myself transported,  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?

*Mir.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Prof.* I pray thee, mark me, then.  
He being thus lorded, needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library  
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royal-  
ties

He thinks me now incapable: confederates,  
So dry he was for sway, with the King of Naples  
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;  
Whereon,

A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight  
Fated to the purpose, did Anthonio open  
The gates of Milan; and, i'the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd me thence  
With thy young sister, and thy crying self.

*Mir.* Alack, for pity!

Wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

*Prof.* Well demanded, wench;  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst  
not

(So dear the love my people bore me) set  
A mark so bloody on the business; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* Alack ! what trouble  
Was I then to you !

*Prof.* Thou, and thy sister, were two cherubim,  
That did preserve me, for ye did smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from Heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt ;  
Under my burden groan'd ; which rais'd in me  
An undergoing stomach to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mir.* How came we ashore ?

*Prof.* By providence divine.  
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, who being then appointed  
Master of this design, did give us ; with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries  
Which since have steaded much : so, of his gen-  
tleness

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
From my own library, with volumes that  
I prize above my Dukedom.

*Mir.* Would I might  
But ever see that man !

*Prof.* Now I arise ; attend,  
And hear the last of our sea sorrow.  
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here  
Have I, thy school master, made thee more profit  
Than other Princes can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Mir.* Heavens thank you for't ! And now, I  
pray you, Sir,  
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason  
For this purpos'd storm.

*Prof.* Know thus far forth.—  
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought on these seas : and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star ; whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes



Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;  
Thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way:—I know, thou can'st not choose.

[*Afide.*

(*Miranda sleeps.*)

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;  
Approach, my Ariel, come.

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ariel.* All hail, great Master! grave Sir, hail!  
I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the Fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, task  
Ariel, and all his quality.

*Prof.* Hast thou, Spirit,  
Prepar'd to point the Tempest as I bad thee?

*Ariel.* To every article.

*Prof.* What is the time o'the day?

*Ariel.* Past the mid season.

*Prof.* The time twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

*Ariel.* Is there more toil? since thou dost give  
me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Prof.* How now? Moody?  
What is't thou can'st demand?

*Ariel.* My liberty.

*Prof.* Before the time be out?—No more.

*Ariel.* I pray thee:

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst  
promise

To bate me a full year.

*Prof.* Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ariel.* No.

*Prof.*

*Prof.* Thou do'st ; and think'st it much, to tread  
the foze  
Of the salt deep ;  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north ;  
To do me business in the veins of the earth,  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ariel.* I do not, Sir.

*Prof.* Thou ly'st, malignant thing ! hast thou  
forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,  
Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

*Ariel.* No, Sir.

*Prof.* Thou hast ; where was she born ? speak ;  
tell me.

*Ariel.* Sir, in Argier.

*Prof.* Oh, was she so ? I must,  
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forget'st.  
This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,  
And here was left by the sailors : thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant :  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years ; within which space she died,  
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy  
groans,  
As fast as mill-wheels strike : then was this island,  
(Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ariel.* Yes ; Caliban her son.

*Prof.* Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torments I did find thee in : thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts

Of

Of ever-angry bears : it was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo ; it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ariel.* I thank thee, master.

*Prof.* If thou more murmurst, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ariel.* Pardon, master :

I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spirit'ing gently.

*Prof.* Do so ; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ariel.* That's my noble master !

What shall I do ? say what ? what shall I do ?

*Prof.* Go ; and with Grineldo, spirit of earth,  
And others under thy command, let loose the  
tempest ;

And then disperse the stranded wanderers  
Through the isle.

*Ariel.* Master, it shall be done.

*Song.* Ariel.

Oh, bid thy faithful Ariel fly  
To the farthest Indies sky :  
And then, at thy fresh command,  
I'll traverse o'er the silver sand.  
I'll climb the mountains ;—plunge the deep,  
I, like mortals, never sleep.  
Whate'er it be, not with ill will ;  
But, merrily, merrily, merrily !

[Exit.

*Prof.* Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept  
well : awake !

*Mir.* The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

*Prof.* Shake it off : come on :  
I'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* 'Tis a Villain, fir,  
I do not love to look on.

*Prof.* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood ; and serves in offices  
That profit us. [Exit Miranda.]  
What ho ! slave ! Caliban !  
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

*Cal. (Within)* There's wood enough within.

*Prof.* Come, forth, I say ; there's other business  
for thee :

Come, thou tortoise !  
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth !

*Enter Caliban.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you ! a sou'-west blow on you,  
And blister you all o'er !

*Prof.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have  
cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee : thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
The island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,  
Thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much of me ; wou'dst  
give me  
Water with berries in't ; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less  
That burn by day and night : and then I lov'd thee,  
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and  
fertile ;

Curs'd be I, that did so !—All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !

And



And here you fly me in this hard rock, whiles  
You keep from me the rest of the island.

*Prof.* Thou most lying slave,  
Which any print of goodness will not take,  
Being guilty of all ill; I pity'd thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each  
hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known.

*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,  
For learning me your language!

*Prof.* Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,  
To answer other business. Shrugst thou, malice?  
If thou neglectst, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;  
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee!—  
I must obey: his act is of such power,  
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

*Prof.* So, slave, hence! [Exeunt severally.]

*Enter Miranda, meeting Dorinda.*

*Dor.* O, sister! sister! what have I beheld!

*Mir.* What is it moves you so?

*Dor.* From yonder rock,  
As I my eyes cast down upon the seas,  
The whistling winds blew rudely on my face,  
And the waves roar'd; at first I thought the war  
Had been between themselves, but straight I spy'd  
A strange huge creature.

*Mir.* Oh you mean the ship.

*Dor.* Is't not a creature then? It seem'd alive.

*Mir.* But what of it?

*Dor.* This floating ram did bear his horns above,  
All ty'd with ribbands ruffling in the wind;  
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,  
And then the waves did heave him to the moon.

*Mir.* But, sister, I have stranger news to tell you;  
In this great creature there were other creatures,  
And shortly we may chance to see that thing  
Which you have heard my father call a man.

*Dor.* But what is that? for yet he never told me.

*Mir.* I know no more than you: but I have heard  
My father say, we women were made for him.

*Dor.* What, that he should eat us, sister?

*Mir.* No, sure; you see my father is a man,  
And yet he does us good.

*Dor.* Methinks it would be finer, sister,  
If we had two young fathers.

*Mir.* No, sister, no; if they were young,  
My father said, that we must call them brothers.

*Dor.* Pray how does it come that we two are not  
brothers then?

And how did he come to be our father too?

*Mir.* I believe he found us when we both were  
little,

And grew within the ground.

*Dor.* Why didn't he find more of us? pray, sister,  
Let you and I look up and down one day,  
To find some little ones for us to play with.

*Mir.* Agreed; but now we must go in. This is  
The hour wherein my father's charms will work,  
Which seizes all who are in open air:  
The effect of this great art I long to see,  
Which will perform as much as magic can.

*Dor.* And I, methinks, more long to see a man.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

## A C T II.

SCENE I. *The Sea Shore. A Storm.**A Ship in the Midst of the Tempest.**Ariel with Spirits assisting the Storm.**Chorus of Spirits.*

**A**RISE! ye spirits of the storm!  
 Appal the guilty eye;  
 Tear the wild waves, ye mighty winds,  
 Ye fated lightnings fly:  
 Dart thro' the tempest of the deep,  
 And rocks and seas confound.  
 Hark! how the vengeful thunders roll!  
 Amazement flames around.  
 Behold! the fate-devoted bark,  
 Dash'd on the trembling shore:  
 Mercy!—the sinking wretches cry—  
 Mercy!—they're heard no more.  
*[The ship sinks. Ariel and spirits disappear.]*

SCENE II. *A Barren Heath.**Enter Caliban with a Burden of Wood.**Thunder.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
 By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,  
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,  
 Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'the mire,  
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark,  
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but

For every trifle they are set upon me :  
 Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me :  
 And after, bite me ; then like hedge hogs, which  
 Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
 Their pricks at my foot-fall ; sometimes am I  
 All wounded with adders, who with cloven tongues  
 Do hiss me into madness :—lo ! now ! lo !  
 Here comes a spirit of his ; and, to torment me  
 For bringing wood in slowly : I'll fall flat ;  
 Perchance he will not mind me.

*Enter Trincalo.*

*Trin.* There's neither bush nor shrub to bear off  
 any weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I  
 hear it sing i'the wind : yon' same black cloud,  
 yon' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that  
 would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it  
 did before, I know not where to hide my head ;  
 yon' same cloud cannot chuse but fall by pailfuls.  
 —What have we here ? A man or fish ? Dead  
 or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very  
 ancient and fish-like smell ; a kind of, not of the  
 newest, poor john. A strange fish !—Were I in  
 England now, as once I was, and had but this  
 fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would  
 give a piece of silver ; there would this monster  
 make a man ; any strange beast there makes a  
 man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a  
 lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead  
 Indian.—Legg'd like a man ! and his fins like  
 arms ! Warm, o'my troth !—I do now let loose  
 my opinion, hold it no longer ; this is no fish,  
 but an islander, that has lately suffered by a thun-  
 derbolt.—Alas ! the storm is come again ; my best  
 way is to creep under his gaberdine ; there is no  
 other shelter hereabout : misery acquaints a man  
 with strange bedfellows : I will here shroud till the  
 dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter*



*Enter Stephano singing, with a Bottle in his Hand.*

I shall no more to sea, to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die a-shore——

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral : well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks, then sings.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner and his mate,  
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate :  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, go hang :  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune, too ; but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

*Cal.* Do not torment me : oh !

*Step.* What's the matter ? have we devils here ? do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde ? ha ! I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs ; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went upon four legs cannot make him give ground ; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at his nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me : oh !

*Step.* This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague : where the devil should he learn our language ? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that : if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, pr'ythee ; I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Step.* He's in his fit now ; and does not talk after the wisest : he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit ; if I can recover him, and keep him tame,

tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

*Step.* Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chops again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils! Oh! defend me—

*Step.* Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to spatter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague; come: Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano—

*Step.* Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano! if thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trincalo; be not afraid, thy good friend Trincalo.

*Step.* If thou be'st Trincalo, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trincalo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trincalo, indeed: how cam'st thou to the siege of this moon-calf; can he vent Trincalo's!

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—and art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

*Step.* Pr'ythee do not turn me about, my mach is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

*Step.*

*Step.* How didst thou scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither; I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board.

*Cal.* I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Step.* Here: swear then, how escapedst thou?

*Trin.* Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Step.* Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Step.* The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

*Step.* Out o'th'moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th'moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

*Step.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Cal.* I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th'Isle, and I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

*Cal.* I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmazet : I'll bring thee  
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with  
me ?

*Step.* I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any  
more talking. Trincalo, the King and all our  
company else being drown'd, we will inherit here.  
Hear, bear my bottle, fellow Trincalo, we'll fill  
it by and by again.

*Cal.* [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel, master ; farewel,  
farewel.

*Trin.* A howling monster ; a drunken monster.

*Step.* O brave monster, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Three Vistas, terminating each in a  
Cave.*

*Enter Prospero.*

*Prof.* 'Tis not yet fit to let my daughters know,  
I kept the infant Duke of Mantua  
So near them in this isle,  
Whose father dying, bequeath'd him to my care ;  
Till my false brother, (when he usurp'd my Duke-  
dom)  
Expos'd him to that fate he meant for me.  
Hippolito !—By calculation of his birth, I saw  
Death threat'ning him, if till some time were past,  
He should behold the face of any woman :  
And now the danger's nigh.—Hippolito !

*Enter Hippolito.*

*Hip.* Sir, I attend your pleasure.

*Prof.* How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,  
Heav'n knows, and thou thyself canst bear me  
witness,

Therefore accuse me not for thy restraint.

*Hip.* I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

*Prof.*



*Prof.* O gentle youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,  
A black star threatens thee, and Death unseen  
Stands ready to devour thee.

*Hip.* Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature  
Liv'd within this isle, but those which man was lord  
of;

Why then should I fear?

*Prof.* But here are creatures which I nam'd not  
to thee.

*Hip.* What are those creatures, Sir?

*Prof.* Those dangerous enemies of men, call'd  
women.

*Hip.* Women! I never heard of them before.  
What are women like?

*Prof.* Imagine something between young men  
and angels:

Fatally beauteous, and have killing eyes,  
Their voices charm beyond the nightingales,  
They are all enchantment; those who once behold  
them

Are made their slaves for ever.

Therefore if you should chance to see 'em,  
Avoid 'em straight, I charge you.

*Hip.* Well, since you say they are so dangerous,  
I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety  
Of the unblemish'd honour which you taught me.  
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure  
I shall not then forbear them.

*Prof.* Go in, and read the book I gave you last.

*Hip.* I shall obey you, Sir. [Exit Hip.]

*Prof.* So, so; I hope this lesson has secur'd him,  
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging  
From yonder rock, where first I bred him up,  
And here have brought him home to my own cell,  
Because the shipwreck happen'd near his mansion.

*Enter Miranda and Dorinda.*

How, my daughters!

I thought I had instructed them enough:

Children, retire; why do you walk this way?

D

*Mir.*

*Mir.* It is within our bounds, Sir.

*Prof.* But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.

Remember what I told you.

*Dor.* Is the man that way, Sir?

*Prof.* All that you can imagine ill is there.  
The curled lion, and the rugged bear,  
Are not so dreadful as that man.

*Dor.* I'll keep far enough from his den, I warrant him.

*Mir.* But you have told me, Sir, you are a man;  
And yet you are not dreadful.

*Prof.* Ay, child! but I  
Am a tame man; old men are tame by nature,  
But all the danger lies in a wild young man.

*Dor.* Do they run wild about the woods?

*Prof.* No, they are wild within doors, in chambers,  
And in closets.

*Dor.* But, father, I would stroke 'em, and make  
'em gentle; then sure they would not hurt me.

*Prof.* You must not trust them, child.  
But I must in; for now my spells require my presence:

Be you, Miranda, your sister's guardian. [*Exit.*

*Dor.* Come, sister, shall we walk the other way?  
The man will catch us else: we have but two legs,  
And he perhaps has four.

*Mir.* Well, sister, though he have; yet look  
about you,

And we shall spy him ere he come too near us.

*Dor.* Come back, that way is towards his den.

*Mir.* Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure  
he can

Devour but one of us at once.

Ill go softly; but if you see him first, be quick,  
and beckon me away. [*Exit.*

*Dor.* Nay, I confess I would fain see him too:  
I find it in my nature, because my father has forbidden me. [*Exit.*

*Enter*

*Enter Hippolito (reading.)*

*Hip.* Prospero has often said, that Nature makes  
Nothing in vain : why then are women made ?  
I'll ask that question when I see him next.

*Enter Miranda and Dorinda peeping.*

*Dor.* O sister, there it is ; it walks about  
Like one of us.

*Mir.* Ay, just so, and has legs as we have too.

*Hip.* It strangely puzzles me : yet 'tis most likely  
Women are somewhat between men and spirits.

*Mir.* Hark ! it talks ; sure this is not it my fa-  
ther meant,  
For this is just like one of us.

*Dor.* I am not half so much afraid on't as  
I was ; see, see, it turns this way.  
Heav'n ! what a pretty thing it is !

*Mir.* I'll go nearer it.

*Dor.* Oh ! no, 'tis dangerous, sister ! I'll go to it.

*Mir.* I would not for the world that you should  
venture.

My father charged me to secure you from it.

*Dor.* I warrant you this is a tame man, sister,  
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his looks.

*Prof.* [*within.*] Miranda, child, where are you !

*Mir.* Do you not hear my father call ? Go in.

*Dor.* 'Twas you he call'd, not me ; I will but  
say my  
Prayers, and follow you immediately.

*Prof.* [*within.*] Miranda !

*Mir.* Well, sister, you'll repent it. [*Exit.*

*Dor.* Though I die for't, I must have t'other peep.

*Hip.* What thing is that ? Sure 'tis some infant  
of the sun. [*Seeing her.*

My sight is dazzled.—

I'll go nearer to it—

May it not be that beauteous murderer, woman,

Which I was charg'd to shun? Speak, what art thou,  
Shining vision?

*Dor.* Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am  
A woman; do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

*Hip.* I'd sooner tear my eyes out.  
Won't you hurt me, fair thing; for I was told  
A woman was my enemy.

*Dor.* I never knew  
What 'twas to be an enemy, nor can I e'er  
Prove so to that which looks like you;  
Though I fear you are a man,  
That dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd.  
Pray tell me what you are?

*Hip.* In truth, I was inform'd I am a man,  
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other  
creature.

*Dor.* See, it cries.—No, no, you do not fright me.

*Prof.* [*within.*] Dorinda!

*Dor.* My father calls again: ah! I must leave you.

*Hip.* Alas, I'm subject to the same command.

*Dor.* This is my first offence against my father,  
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

*Hip.* And this is my first trespass too; but he  
Hath more offended truth than we have him;  
He said our meeting would destructive be,  
Yet I no death but in our parting see.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Prospero.*

*Prof.* I hope I have confirm'd Miranda's duty.  
All my designs are gath'ring to a head.  
What, Ariel! my servant, Ariel! where art thou?

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ariel.* What would my potent master? Here I am.

*Prof.* Thou, and thy meaner fellows, the wild  
tempest



Did worthily awake. But tell me, spirit,  
How fares the King, my brother, and his friends?

*Ariel.* Confin'd together, as you gave me order,  
In the lime grove, which weather-fends your cell.  
The King's son have I landed by himself,  
And yonder now you may behold him, Sir.

*Prof.* My brave spirit! haste to conduct him  
hither. [*Exit Ariel.*]

*Enter Dorinda.*

Oh, come you here :—you've seen a man to-day,  
Against my strict command.

*Dor.* Who, I? indeed I saw him but a little,  
Sir.

*Prof.* Come, come, be clear.

*Dor.* Pray, be not angry, and I'll tell you, Sir.  
Ha! ha! you are mistaken in him ;—  
He did me no great hurt.

*Prof.* But he may do you more hereafter, girl.

*Dor.* No, Sir, I'm as well as e'er I was in my  
life.

But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.

*Prof.* The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

*Dor.* Nay, pray, Sir, say not so. I promis'd him  
To see him once again ; and you know, Sir,  
You charg'd me I should never break my promise.

*Prof.* You are too fond, and I should chide you  
for't.

*Dor.* Then send me to that creature to be punish'd.

*Prof.* Poor child ! thy passion, like a lazy ague,  
Has seiz'd thy blood ; instead of striving, thou  
humourst

And feedst thy languishing disease : Thou fightst  
The battles of thy enemy, and 'tis one part of what  
I threaten'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

*Dor.* Danger, Sir !

He hath no claws, nor teeth, nor horns to hurt me,  
But looks about him like a callow bird,

Just

Just straggled from the nest : Pray trust me, Sir,  
To go to him again.

*Prof.* Since you will venture,  
I charge you bear yourself reserv'dly to him,  
And keep at distance from him.

*Dor.* This is hard !

*Prof.* It is the way to make him love you more.

*Dor.* I'll struggle with my heart to follow this,  
But if I lose him by it, will you promise  
To bring him back again ?

*Prof.* Fear not ; go in, and send your sister hither.  
But use him ill, and he'll be yours for ever. [*Exit.*

*Dor.* I hope you have not cozen'd me again.  
[*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV. *A wild Part of the Island.*

*Enter Ariel and Spirits, invisibly, followed by Ferdinand.*

*Song.* Ariel.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands ;  
Curtsy'd when you have, and kiss'd ;  
The wild waves whist ;  
Foot it featly here and there,  
And sweet sprights the burden bear.

Chorus.

Hark ! hark !  
The watch-dogs bark.  
Hark ! hark ! I hear  
The strain of strutting Chanticleer.

*Ferd.* Where should this music be ? I'th' air, or  
earth ?

It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon  
Some god i'th' island : sitting on a bank,  
Weeping against the King my father's wreck ;  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion

With

With its sweet airs. Thence I have follow'd it,  
 Or it hath drawn me rather ;  
 But 'tis gone. [*A flourish.*] No, it begins again.

*Song.* Spirit.

Full fathom five thy father lies,  
 Of his bones is coral made :  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes ;  
 Nothing of him that does fade,  
 But does suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange :

*Chorus of Spirits.*

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell ;  
 Hark ! now I hear 'em, ding dong bell.

*Ferd.* This ditty does remember my drown'd  
 father.

This is no mortal business, nor a sound  
 Which the earth owns——

*Chorus of Spirits.*

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell ;  
 Hark ! now I hear 'em, ding dong bell.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

## A C T III.

SCENE I. *Afshady Part of the Island.*

*Enter Ariel and Ferdinand on one fide ; and Prospero and Miranda on the other.*

*Prospero.*

LOOK, Miranda : fay, what thou feeft yond.

*Mir.* What is't, a fpirit ?

Lord, how it looks about ! believe me, Sir,  
It carries a brave form. But is't a fpirit ?

*Ferd.* Moft fure, the goddefs  
On whom thefe airs attend ! vouchsafe, my pray'r  
May know, if you remain upon this ifland :  
And that you will fome good instruction give,  
How I may bear me here : my prime request  
(Which I do laft pronounce) is, Oh, you wonder !  
If you be maid or no ?

*Mir.* No wonder, Sir,  
But certainly a maid.

*Ferd.* Oh, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The Queen of Naples.

*Prof.* Soft, Sir ; one word—  
They're both in either's power : but this swift bu-  
finefs [*Afide.*  
I muft uneasy make, left too light winning  
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more ; I  
charge thee,

That thou attend me :—thou doft here ufurp  
The name thou ow'ft not, and haft put thyfelf  
Upon this ifland, as a fpy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

*Ferd.* No, as I'm a man.

*Mir.*



*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

If the ill spirit have so fair an house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Prof.* Follow me—

Speak not you for him : he's a traitor. Come,  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together ;  
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*Ferd.* No,

I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy has more pow'r.

[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*]

*Mir.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him ; for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.

*Prof.* What, I say,  
My foot my tutor ? Put thy sword up, traitor,  
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike ; thy con-  
science

Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward,  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mir.* Beseech you, father. [*Kneels.*]

*Prof.* Hence ; hang not on my garment.

*Mir.* Sir, have pity ;  
I'll be his surety.

*Prof.* Silence : one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.  
Come on, obey ;  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Ferd.* So they are ;  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison, once a day,  
Behold this maid : all corners else o'th' earth,

E

Let

Let liberty make use of ; space enough  
Have I, in such a prison.

*Prof.* It works : come on.  
(Thou hast done well, fine Ariel ) follow me.  
Hark what thou else shalt do me.

[*Talks apart to Ariel.*]

*Mir.* Be of comfort,  
My father's of a better nature, Sir,  
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted,  
Which now came from him.

*Prof.* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds ; but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.* To th' syllable. [*Exit.*]

*Prof.* Come, follow : speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *Another Part of the Island.*

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trincalo.*

*Step.* Tell not me ; when the but is out, we will  
drink water, not a drop before ; therefore bear up,  
and board 'em. Servant monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster ! the folly of this island !  
they say there's but five upon this isle ; we are  
three of them ; if the other two be brain'd like us,  
the state totters.

*Step.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee ;  
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else ? he were a  
brave monster, indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Step.* My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue  
in sack : for my part, the sea cannot drown me.  
I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-  
thirty leagues off and on, by this light. Thou shalt  
be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

*Step.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither : but you'll lie like dogs,  
and yet say nothing, neither.

*Step.*

*Step.* Moon calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster. Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I, to-day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

*Step.* Trincalo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Step.* Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trincalo.

*Enter Ariel invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

*Step.* Trincalo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Step.* Mum then, and no more; proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this Isle;  
From me he got it. If thy greatness will

Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st,) I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a py'd ninny's this! thou scurvy patch; I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take this bottle from him; when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

*Step.* Trincalo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

*Step.* Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Step.* Do I so? take you that. [*Beats him.*]  
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give thee the lie; out o'your wits, and hearing too? A plague o'your bottle! This can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Step.* Now, forward with your tale; pry'thee, stand further off.

Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him, I' th' afternoon, to sleep; there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log, Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his weazand with thy knife.

*Step.* Monster, I will kill this man: and I will be king: Dost thou like the plot, Trincalo?

*Trin.* Excellent. Thou shalt be king and I will be viceroy over thee.

*Step.* Give me thy hand; I am sorry, I beat thee: but, while thou liv'st keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.*



*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep ;  
Wilt thou destroy him then ?

*Step.* Aye, on my honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master. [Exit.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry ; I am full of pleasure ;

Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch,  
You taught me but while-ere ?

*Step.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason,  
any reason : come on, Trincalo, let us sing. [Sings.

Flout 'em, and skout 'em : skout 'em, and flout 'em.

*Cal.* That's not the tune. [Music heard in the air.

*Step.* What is this fame ?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, play'd by  
the picture of nobody.

*Step.* If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in the  
likeness ; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

[Music again.

*Trin.* Oh, forgive me my sins !

*Step.* He that dies, pays all debts : I defy thee.  
Mercy upon us ! [Music again.

*Cal.* Art thou afraid ?

*Step.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afraid ; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and  
hurt not. [Music again.

*Step.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me,  
where I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroy'd.

*Step.* That shall be, by and by : I remember  
the story. [Music again.

*Trin.* The sound is going away ; let's follow it,  
and after do our work. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III. *The Three Vistas and Caves.*

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

*Prof.* Your suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.  
But yet take heed ; let prudence be your guide ;  
You

You must not stay, your visit must be short.  
One thing I had forgot ; insinuate into his mind  
A kindness to that youth, whom first you saw ;  
I would have friendship grow betwixt 'em.

*Mir.* You shall be obey'd in all things.

*Prof.* Be earnest to unite their very souls.

*Mir.* I shall endeavour it.

*Prof.* This may secure Hippolito,  
From that dark danger which my heart forebodes :  
For friendship does provide a double strength  
To oppose the assaults of fortune. See,  
He comes.—Remember.

[*Exit*

*Song.* Miranda.

To see thee, so gentle a creature, distressed,  
With tears fills mine eyes, and with sorrow my breast.  
Oh, wou'd I, possess'd of my father the art,  
Or had I his power, or he had my heart !  
With tears I'll beseech him, with sighs I'll assail,  
Can the sigh of my soul with my father e'er fail ?

*Enter Ferdinand, bearing a Log.*

*Mir.* Alas, now, pray you,  
Work not so hard ; I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile :  
Pray, set it down, and rest you ; when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you : my father  
Is hard at study ; pray now rest yourself ;  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Ferd.* Oh ! most dear mistress,  
The sun will set, before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Mir.* If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while.

*Ferd.* No, precious creature,  
I'd rather crack my sinews,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* Why I should do it  
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.  
You look wearily.

*Ferd.* No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning  
with me,  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,  
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)  
What is your name ?

*Mir.* Miranda. O my father,  
I've broke your heart to say so.

*Ferd.* Admir'd Miranda,  
Hear my soul speak !  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service, there resides  
To make me slave to it, and for your sake,  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mir.* Do you love me ?

*Ferd.* Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world,  
I love, prize, honour you.

*Mir.* I am a fool,  
To weep at what I'm glad of.

*Ferd.* Wherefore weep you ?

*Mir.* At mine unworthiness  
Hence, bashful cunning,  
And prompt, me plain and holy innocence.  
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;  
If not, I'll die a maid : to be your fellow  
You may deny me : but I'll be your servant.  
Whether you will or no.

*Ferd.* My mistress, dearest,  
And I thus humble ever.

[*Kneeling.*

*Mir.* My husband then ?

*Ferd.* Aye, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand,

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in it.

*Duet, Ferdinand and Miranda.*

What new delights invade my bosom ;  
In every vein what rapture plays ;  
What new delights invade my bosom  
Whilst on thee I fondly gaze.

Oh, thou art source of all my pleasure,  
Treasure of my soul art thou.

Without measure,  
Am'rous pleasure  
Crowns my nights and wings my days.

*Mir.* Now I have a suit to you.  
And that shall be th' only trial of your love to me.

*Ferd.* You've said enough never to be deny'd,  
Were it my life.

*Mir.* Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who for  
His own, deserves all the respect which you  
Can ever pay him.

*Ferd.* You mean your father: when he gave  
you being,  
He then did that which cancell'd all these wrongs.

*Mir.* You are too kind:—but 'tis not he I mean.

*Ferd.* Is there another whom I ought to love?  
And love him for your sake.

*Mir.* Yes; such a one,  
Who, for his sweetness and his goodly shape,  
(If I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge)  
I think can scarce be equal'd.

Come, you must love him for my sake: you shall.

*Ferd.* Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?  
Since you wou'd have me love him, I must hate  
him.

*Mir.* Have I so far offended you already,  
That he offends you only for my sake?  
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw  
Him as I've done, so full of youth and beauty.

*Ferd.* O poison to my hopes! [*Aside.*]

*Mir.* Hark! hark! I hear my father's step,  
farewell!

I must retire; I fear I've staid too long.— [*Exit.*]

*Ferd.* Too long indeed, and yet not long enough.  
O jealousy! O love! how you distract me!

*Enter Hippolito.*

Sir, well encounter'd, you are the happy man!  
You've got the hearts of both the beauteous women.

*Hip.*



*Hip.* How! Sir? pray, are you sure on't?

*Ferd.* One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

*Hip.* Then I must have her.

*Ferd.* No, not till I am dead.

*Hip.* How dead? what's that? but whatsoe'er  
i<sup>1</sup> be, I long to have her.

*Ferd.* Time and my grief may make me die.

*Hip.* But for a friend you should make haste; I ne'er  
Ask'd any thing of you before.

*Ferd.* But I am your friend;  
And I request that you would not love her.

*Hip.* You say she's fair,  
And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell you  
A secret, Sir, which I have lately found  
Within myself; they are all made for me.

*Ferd.* That's but a fond conceit: you're made  
for one  
And one for you.

*Hip.* You cannot tell me, Sir;  
I know I'm made for twenty hundred women.  
(I mean if there so many be i'th' world)  
So that if once I see her, I shall love her.

*Ferd.* I find I must not let you see her then.

*Hip.* How will you hinder me?

*Ferd.* By force of arms.

*Hip.* By force of arms?  
My arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

*Ferd.* He's still so ignorant, that I pity him,  
And fain would avoid force: pray do not see her.  
She was mine first; you have no right to her.

*Hip.* I have not yet consider'd what is right,  
But, Sir, I know my inclinations are  
To love all women: and I have been taught,  
That to dissemble what I think, is base.  
In honour then of truth, I must declare  
That I do love, and I will see your woman.

*Ferd.* Then since you have refus'd this act of  
friendship,  
Provide yourself a sword, for we must fight.

*Hip.* A sword, what's that?

*Ferd.* Why such a thing as this.

*Hip.* What should I do with it?

*Ferd.* You must stand thus,  
And aim at me, and I at you,  
Till one of us fall dead.

*Hip.* But we have no swords growing in our  
world.

*Ferd.* What shall we do then to decide our  
quarrel?

*Hip.* We'll take the sword by turns, and fight  
with it.

*Ferd.* Strange ignorance!—You must defend  
your life,

And so must I. But since you have no sword,  
Take this; for in a corner of my cave

[*Gives him his sword.*]

I found another;

When next we meet, prepare yourself to fight.

*Hip.* Make haste then, this shall ne'er be yours  
again.

I mean to fight with all the men I meet,  
And when they're dead, their women shall be mine.

*Ferd.* I see you are unskilful; I desire not  
To take your life, but, if you please, we'll fight  
On these conditions; he who firsts draws blood,  
Or who can take the other's weapon from him,  
Shall be acknowledg'd as the conqueror,  
And both the women shall be his.

*Hip.* Agreed,  
And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.

*Ferd.* But win these first. [*Exeunt severally.*]

### SCENE III. *A Wood.*

*Enter Alonzo, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.*

*Gon.* 'Beseech you, Sir, be merry: you have  
cause,

So

So have we all, of joy, for our escape;  
Then wisely, good Sir, weigh our sorrow with  
Our comfort.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee peace.

*Anth.* Methinks our garments are as fresh,  
As when first we put them on in Africk,  
At the marriage of the King's fair daughter,  
Claribel, to the King of Tunis.

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ear,  
Against the stomach of my sense; wou'd I  
Had never marry'd my daughter there;  
For coming thence, my son is lost.

*Anth.* Sir, he may live;  
I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; I do not doubt  
He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone;  
And you and I, Anthonio, were those  
Who caus'd his death.

*Anth.* How could we help it?

*Alon.* Then, then we should have help'd it,  
When thou betray'dst thy brother Prospero,  
And gavest Mantua's infant sovereign  
To my power: then lost we Ferdinand;  
Then forfeited our navy to this tempest.

*Solemn and strange music.*

What harmony is this?—my good friends, hark!

*Two Spirits rise with a Table spread.*

*Gon.* A table, as I live!—set out and furnished  
With all variety of meats and fruits.

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, Heav'n!—what are  
these?

*The Spirits disappear.*

*Anth.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Gon.* No matter,  
Since they have left their viands behind:  
Wil't please you taste of what is here?

*Alon.* Not I.

*Gon.* Well, Sir, I will:  
I am hungry. The devil may fright me,  
But he shall not starve me.

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed; although my last,  
No matter, since I feel the best is past.

*Table vanishes—a strange noise.*

It is as I suspected—see, 'tis vanish'd!—  
Shall we be always haunted with these fiends?—

*Anth.* This isle's enchanted ground; for I have  
heard

Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans  
Of ghosts lamenting.

*Alon.* Good Heav'n deliver me from this dire  
place,

And all the after actions of my life  
Shall mark my penitence! Lead from this spot

*Enter Furies, who surround them.*

*Duet by Furies.*

Where does the black fiend ambition reside?

With the mischievous devil of pride?

In the lowest and darkest cavern of hell,

Both pride and ambition do dwell.

Who are the chief leaders of the damned host?

Proud monarchs, who tyrannize most.

*Chorus of Furies.*

—In hell, in hell in flames they shall reign,

And for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.



## A C T IV.

SCENE. Prospero's Study.

*Prospero starting up.*

I HAD forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban, and his confed'rates,  
Against my life; the minute of their plot  
Is almost come. Ariel!  
My industrious servant! Ariel!

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ariel.* Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?

*Prof.* Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ariel.* Ay, my commander.

*Prof.* Where didst thou leave these varlets?

*Ariel.* I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking.

So full of valour, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground,  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project.

At last I left them

I'th'filthy mantled pool, beyond your cell.

*Prof.* This was well done, my bird;  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.

Go call the Spirits,

O'er whom I gave thee power, quick to this place,  
And

And let them bring the trumpery in my house,  
For fake to catch these thieves.

*Ariel.* Presently?

*Prof.* Ay, with a twink!

*Song, Ariel.*

Before you can say come, and go,  
And breathe twice—and cry, so—so—  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.

Do you love me master?—ho!—

*Prof.* Why that's my delicate Ariel.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Oh! this Caliban!

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;  
And, as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,  
Even to roaring:

*Enter Spirits with Garments.*

Come, hang them on this line.

[*They hang them up, and disappear.*] [*Exit. Prof.*]

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trincalo, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole  
may not

Hear a foot fall; we now are at his cell.

*Step.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a  
harmless fairy, has done little better than played  
the jack with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-pond, at  
which my nose is in great indignation.

*Step.* So is mine: do you hear, monster? if I  
should take a displeasure against you; look you—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my Lord, give me thy favour still;  
Be patient; for the prize, I'll bring thee to,

Shall

Shall hood-wink this mischance ; therefore, speak softly :

All's hush't as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

*Step.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Step.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet ; see'st thou here,

This is the mouth o'th' cell ; no noise, and enter ; Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever ; and I, thy Caliban, For ay thy foot-licker.

*Step.* Give me thy hand : I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

*Trin.* O King Stephano ! O Peer ! O worthy Stephano ! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee !

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

*Trin.* Oh, oh, monster, we know what belongs to a frippery ; O King Stephano !

*Step.* Put off that gown, Trincalo ; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy Grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool ! what do you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage ? Let's along, And do the murder first.

*Step.* Be you quiet, monster.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers : bear off this, and this. [Thunder.

*Enter divers Spirits ; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.* Caliban, Stephano, and Trincalo driven out roaring.

*Prof.* Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With

With dry convulsions ; shorten up their sinews,  
With aged cramps ; and more pinch-spotted make  
them,

Than pard, or cat o'mountain. [*Roaring within.*

*Ariel.* Hark, they roar.

*Prof.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
Lie at my mercy, all mine enemies :  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom ; for a little,  
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *A Cave.*

*Enter Ferdinand and Hippolito, with their swords  
drawn.*

*Ferd.* Come, Sir, our cave affords no choice of  
place,

But the ground's firm and even : Are you ready ?

*Hip.* As ready as yourself, Sir.

*Ferd.* You remember

On what conditions we must fight ? who first  
Receives a wound is to submit.

*Hip.* Come, come,

This loses time ; now for the woman, Sir.

[*They fight ; Ferdinand hurts him.*

*Ferd.* Sir, you are wounded.

*Hip.* No.

*Ferd.* Believe your blood.

*Hip.* I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.

*Ferd.* Remember our conditions.

*Hip.* I will not leave, till my sword hits you too.

[*Hip. presses on, Ferd. retires and wards.*

*Ferd.* I'm loath to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.

*Hip.* You beat aside my sword, but let it come  
As near as yours, and you shall see my skill.

*Ferd.* You faint for loss of blood ; I see you stagger.  
Pray, Sir, retire.

*Hip.* No ! I will ne'er go back——  
Methinks the cave turns round, I cannot find——

*Ferd.*



*Ferd.* Your eyes begin to dazzle.

*Hip.* Why do you swim so, and dance about me ?  
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.

[*Thrusts and falls.*]

*Ferd.* Oh help, help, help !  
Unhappy man ! what have I done ?

*Hip.* I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake  
I'll fight again. Pray stay for me. [*Swoons.*]

*Ferd.* He's gone !  
He's gone ! Oh stay, sweet lovely youth ! Help !  
help !

*Enter Prospero.*

*Prof.* What dismal noise is that ?

*Ferd.* Oh see, Sir ! see,  
What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

*Prof.* Alas ! how much in vain doth feeble art  
Endeavour to resist the will of Heav'n !  
He's gone for ever ; Oh ! thou cruel son  
Of an inhuman father ! all my designs  
Are ruin'd and unravel'd by this blow.  
No pleasure now is left me but revenge.

*Ferd.* Sir, if you knew my innocence—

*Prof.* Peace, peace.  
Can thy excuses give me back his life ?  
What, Ariel ! Sluggish Spirit, where art thou ?

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ariel.* Here at thy beck, my Lord.

*Prof.* Ay, now thou com'st,  
When Fate is past, and not to be recall'd.  
Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature,  
For as thou art thyself, thou canst not but  
Be glad to see young Virtue nipt i'th' blossom.

*Ariel.* My Lord, the Being high above can  
witness  
am not glad.

G

*Prof.*

*Prof.* Why didst thou not prevent, at least foretel,  
This fatal action, then ?

*Ariel.* Pardon, great Sir,  
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden  
By the ill Genius of Hippolito,  
Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it,  
To bind me in the bottom of the sea,  
Far from the lightfome regions of the air,  
(My native fields) above a hundred years.

*Prof.* I'll chain thee in the north for thy neglect,  
Within the burning bowels of Mount Hecla ;  
I'll singe thy airy wings with sulph'rous flames,  
And choak thy tender nostrils with blue smoke.  
At ev'ry hick-up of the belching mountain,  
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,  
And then fall down again.

*Ariel.* Pardon, dread Lord.

*Prof.* No more of pardon than just Heav'n in-  
tends thee,  
Shalt thou e'er find from me : Hence ! fly with  
speed,  
Unbind the charms which hold this murderer's  
father,  
And bring him, with my brother, straight before me.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

*Ferd.* O Heav'ns ! what words were those I heard ?  
Yet cannot see who spoke 'em : Sure the woman  
Whom I lov'd was like this, some airy vision.

*Prof.* No, murd'rer, she's like thee, of mortal  
mould;  
But much too pure to mix with thy black crimes.  
Miranda and Dorinda ! where are ye ?  
The will of Heav'n's accomplish'd : I have now  
No more to fear, and nothing left to hope,  
Now you may enter.

*Enter*

*Enter Miranda and Dorinda.*

*Mir.* My love ! is it permitted me to see  
You once again !

*Prof.* You come to look your last ;  
I will for ever take him from your eyes.  
But on my blessing, speak not, nor approach him.

*Dor.* Pray, father, is not this my sister's man ?  
He has a noble form ; but yet he's not  
So excellent as my Hippolito.

*Prof.* Alas, poor girl ! thou hast no man : Look  
yonder,  
There's all of him that's left.

*Dor.* Why, was there ever any more of him !  
He lies asleep, Sir ; shall I waken him ?

[*She kneels by Hippolito, and jogs him.*]

*Ferd.* Alas, he's never to be wak'd again.

*Dor.* My love, my love ! will you not speak to  
me ?

I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now  
He will not answer me ; he's dumb, and cold too ;  
But I'll run straight, and make a fire to warm him.

[*Exit running.*]

*Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Anthonio, and Ariel in-  
visible.*

*Alon.* Never were beasts so hunted into toils,  
As we have been pursu'd by dreadful shapes.  
But is not that my son ? O Ferdinand !  
Let me embrace thee.

*Ferd.* My father !  
Is it decreed I should recover you  
Alive, just in that fatal hour when this  
Brave youth is lost in death, and by my hand ?

*Ant.* Heav'n ! what new wonder's this ?

*Gon.* This isle is full of nothing else.

*Prof.* You stare upon me as you ne'er had seen  
me ;

Have fifteen years so lost me to your knowledge,  
That you retain no memory of Prospero?

*Gon.* The good old Duke of Milan!

*Prof.* I wonder less,

That thou, Anthonio, knowst me not, because  
Thou didst long since forget I was thy brother,  
Else I never had been here.

*Ant.* Shame choaks my words.

*Alon.* And wonder mine.

*Prof.* For you, usurping Prince, [To Alon.  
Know, by my art, you were shipwreck'd on this isle,  
Where, after I a while had punish'd you,  
My vengeance would have ended; I design'd  
To match that son of yours with this my daughter.

*Alon.* Pursue it still, I am most willing to't.

*Prof.* So am not I. No marriages can prosper  
Which are with murderers made; look on that  
corpse.

This, whilst he liv'd, was young Hippolito,  
That infant Duke of Mantua, Sir, whom you  
Expos'd with me: and here I bred him up,  
Till that blood-thirsty man, that Ferdinand—  
But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice  
Calls to unsheath her sword against his guilt?

*Alon.* What do you mean?

*Prof.* To execute Heav'n's laws.

Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,  
Though you have dispossest me of my Milan.  
Blood calls for blood; your Ferdinand shall die,  
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you,  
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,  
And then the greater grief to see him die.

*Alon.* And thinkst thou I, or these, will tamely  
stand

To view the execution?

[Lays his hand upon his sword.]

*Prof.* Nay, then appear my guards—I thought  
no more [He stamps, and many spirits appear.  
To use their aid;

But they are now the ministers of Heav'n,



Whilst I revenge this murder.

This night I will allow you, Ferdinand,  
To fit you for your death, that cave's your prison.

*Alon.* Ah, Prospero, hear me speak;  
You are a father;

Look on my age, and look upon his youth.

*Mir.* Oh! my father—

*Prof.* No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain,  
I have no room for pity left within me.

Do you refuse? Help, Ariel, with your fellows,  
To drive 'em in; Alonzo and his son

Bestow in yonder cave, and here Gonzalo  
Shall with Anthonio lodge.

*[Spirits drive them in, as they are appointed.]*

*Enter Dorinda.*

*Dor.* Sir, I have made a fire; shall he be warm'd?

*Prof.* He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er  
return.

*Dor.* Dead, Sir! what's that?

*Prof.* His soul has left his body.

*Dor.* When will it come again?

*Prof.* O never, never!

He must be laid in earth, and there consume.

*Dor.* He shall not lie in earth; you do not know  
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come again;

He told me he would go a little while,

But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

*Prof.* He's murder'd by the man who lov'd your  
sister.

Now both of you may see what 'tis to break

A father's precept; you would needs see men,

And by that sight are made for ever wretched.

Hippolito is dead, and Ferdinand

Must die for murdering him.

Get you to bed:

Your disobedience has so much incens'd me,

That I this night can leave no blessing with you.

*[Exit.*

*Mir.*

*Mir.* Sister, 'twas long of you  
That all this mischief happened.

*Dor.* I am sure  
My man had never gone to Heav'n so soon,  
But that yours made him go. [*Crying.*]

*Mir.* Sister, I could not wish that either of 'em  
Should go to Heav'n without us, but it was  
His fortune, and you must be satisfy'd.

*Dor.* I'll not be satisfy'd: perhaps you think  
'Tis nothing to lose a man.

*Mir.* Yes, but there is  
Some difference betwixt my Ferdinand  
And your Hippolito.

*Dor.* Ay, there's your judgement,  
Yours is the oldest man I ever saw,  
Except it were my father.

*Mir.* Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.

*Dor.* I'll never more meet in a bed with you,  
But lodge on the bare ground, and mourn my love.  
Just at the entrance of his cave I'll lie,  
And echo to each blast of wind a sigh.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Wood.**Enter Prospero and Miranda.**Prospero.*

YOU beg in vain ; I cannot pardon him,  
He has offended Heav'n.

*Mir.* Then let Heav'n punish him.

*Prof.* It will, by me.

*Mir.* Grant him at least some respite for my sake.

*Prof.* I by deferring justice should incense  
The Deity against myself and you.

*Mir.* Yet I have heard you say, the Pow'rs above  
Are slow in punishing, and should not you  
Resemble them ?

And can you be his judge and executioner ?

*Prof.* I cannot force Gonzalo, or my brother,  
Much less the father, to destroy the son ;  
It must be then the monster Caliban,  
And he's not here ; but Ariel straight shall fetch him.

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ariel.* My potent Lord, before thou callst, I  
come  
To serve thy will.

*Prof.* Then, Spirit, fetch me here my savage  
slave.

*Ariel.* My Lord, it does not need.

*Prof.* Art thou then prone to mischief, wilt thou  
be  
Thyself the executioner ?

*Ariel.*

*Ariel.* Think better of thy airy minister,  
Who, for thy sake, unbidden, this night has flown  
O'er almost all the habitable world.

*Prof.* But to what purpose was thy diligence?

*Ariel.* When I was chidden by my mighty lord,  
For my neglect of young Hippolito,  
I went to view his body, and soon found  
His soul was but retir'd, not sally'd out :  
Then I collected  
The best of simples underneath the moon,  
The best of balms, and to the wound apply'd  
The healing juice of vulnerary herbs.  
His only danger was his loss of blood.  
But now he's wak'd, my lord, and just this hour  
He must be dress'd again, as I have done it.  
Anoint the sword which pierc'd him with his weapon-  
Salve, and wrap it close from air till I have time to  
visit him again.

*Prof.* Thou art my faithful servant,  
It shall be done ; be it your task, Miranda,  
Because your sister is not present here ;  
While I go visit your dear Ferdinand,  
From whom I will a while conceal this news,  
That it may be more welcome.

*Mir.* I obey you,  
And with a double duty, Sir : for now  
You twice have given me life. [Exit.

*Prof.* Now haste, untie the spell, and to me bring  
The wretched Caliban and his companions.  
[Exeunt severally.

## S C E N E II. *A Cave.*

*Hippolito discover'd on a Couch, Dorinda by him.*

*Dor.* How do you find yourself?

*Hip.* I'm somewhat cold,  
Can you not draw me nearer to the sun ?  
I am too weak to walk.

*Dor.*



*Dor.* My love, I'll try.  
 I thought you never would have walk'd again ;  
 They told me you were gone away to heaven ;  
 Have you been there ?

*Hip.* I know not where I was.

*Dor.* I will not leave you, till you promise me  
 You will not die again.

*Hip.* Indeed I will not.

*Dor.* You must not go to heav'n, unless we go  
 together.

But I much wonder what it is to die.

*Hip.* Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathless sleep,  
 When once the soul's gone out.

*Dor.* What is the soul ?

*Hip.* A small blue thing, that runs about  
 within us.

*Dor.* Then I have seen it in a frosty morning  
 Run smoaking from my mouth.

*Hip.* But, dear Dorinda,  
 What is become of him who fought with me ?

*Dor.* Oh ! I can tell you joyful news of him ;  
 My father means to make him die to-day,  
 For what he did to you.

*Hip.* That must not be,  
 My dear Dorinda ; go and beg your father  
 He may not die ; it was my fault he hurt me ;  
 I urg'd him to it first.

*Dor.* But if he live, he'll ne'er leave killing you.

*Hip.* My dear, go quickly, lest you come too  
 late. [Exit. Dor.]

*Enter Miranda, with Hippolito's sword wrapt up.*

*Hip.* Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful,  
 As nothing but Dorinda can surpass her !  
 Oh ! I believe it is that angel woman,  
 Whom she calls sister.

*Mir.* Sir, I am sent hither  
 To dress your wound : how do you find your strength ?

H

*Hip.*

*Hip.* Fair creature, I am faint with loss of blood.

[*She unwraps the sword.*]

My wound shoots worse than ever.

[*She wipes and anoints the sword.*]

*Mir.* Do you find no ease?

*Hip.* Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain  
Is leaving me : sweet heav'n, how I'm reliev'd !

*Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda.*

*Ferd. to Dor.* Madam, I must confess my life  
is yours,

I owe it to your generosity.

But is not that your sister with Hippolito ?

*Hip.* My dear Dorinda with another man ?

*Ferd. to Hip.* Sir, I am glad you are so well  
recover'd.

You keep your humour still to have all women ?

*Hip.* Not all, Sir ; you except one of the number,  
Your new love there, Dorinda.

*Mir.* Ah Ferdinand ! can you become inconstant ?

*Dor.* Ay, now I find why I was sent away,  
That you might have my sister's company.

*Hip.* Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindness ;  
This is too much, first to be false yourself,  
And then accuse me too.

*Ferd.* We all accuse

Each other, and each one denies their guilt,

I should be glad it were a mutual error.

And therefore first to clear myself from fault,

Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say

I only love your sister.

[*To Dorinda.*]

*Mir.* O blest word !

I'm sure I love no man but Ferdinand.

*Dor.* Nor I, heav'n knows, but my Hippolito.

*Hip.* I never knew I lov'd so much ; before  
I fear'd Dorinda's constancy, but now  
I am convinc'd that I lov'd none but her ;  
Because none else can recompence her loss.

*Ferd.* But see, our fathers and our friends are come  
To mix their joys with ours.

*Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.*

*Alon. to Prof.* Let it no more be thought of;  
Your purpose, though it were severe, was just.  
In losing Ferdinand I should have mourn'd,  
But could not have complain'd.

*Prof.* Sir, I am glad  
Kind heav'n decreed it otherwise.

*Dor.* O wonder!  
How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is!

*Hip.* O brave new world,  
That has such people in't!

*Alon. to Ferd.* Now all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about,  
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.

*Gon.* I've inward wept, or should have spoke  
ere this;  
Look down, sweet heav'n, and on this couple drop  
A blessed crown, for it is you chalk'd out  
The way which brought us hither.

*Anto.* Though penitence  
Forc'd by necessity can scarce seem real,  
Yet, dearest brother, I have hope my blood  
May plead for pardon with you; I resign  
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,  
But heav'n knows too, I would not.

*Prof.* All past crimes  
I bury in the joy of this blest day.

*Alon.* And, that I may not be behind in justice,  
To this young prince I render back his dukedom,  
And as the duke of Mantua thus salute him.

*Hip.* What is it that you render back? methinks  
You give me nothing.

*Prof.* You are to be lord  
Of a great people, and o'er towns and cities.

*Hip.* And shall these people be all men and women?

*Gon.* Yes, and shall call you lord.  
And that your happiness may be compleat,  
I give you my Dorinda for your wife;  
She shall be yours for ever, when the priest  
Has made you one.

*Hip.* How can he make us one? shall I grow to her?

*Prof.* By saying holy words you shall be join'd  
In marriage to each other.

*Dor.* I warrant you those holy words are charms.  
My father means to conjure us together.

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ariel.* I have sent Caliban to trim your cell,  
And brought the drunken wanderers to their ship;  
Was it well done, my lord?

*Prof.* Rarely, my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee,  
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

*Song. Ariel.*

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie:  
There I crouch, when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back do I fly,  
After sun-set, merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

[*Exit.*

*Prof.* Sir, I invite your highness and your train  
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest  
For this one night, and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to Naples:  
Where I have hope to see the nuptials  
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd.  
And thence retire me to my Milan; where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely,

*Pro.*



*Prof.* I'll deliver all ;  
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
 And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
 Your royal fleet far off :  
 And when I have requir'd one airy vision,  
 Which e'en now I do, — I'll break my staff,  
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth ;  
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
 I'll drown my book.  
 Neptune, and your fair Amphitrite, rise,  
 Come all you Nereids, all you Tritons come ;  
 And teach your saucy elements to obey :  
 For you have princes now to entertain,  
 And virgin beauties, with fresh youthful lovers.

S C E N E III. *The Sea.*

*The Masque of Neptune and Amphitrite.*

*Neptune and Amphitrite in their Chariot drawn by  
 Sea Horses, and attended by Nereids, Tritons, &c.*

*Eolus and the Winds.*

*Duet.* Neptune and Amphitrite.

Halcyon days, now storms are ending,  
 You shall find when e'er you sail ;  
 Tritons all the while attending,  
 With a kind and gentle gale.

*Chorus of Tritons, Nereids, &c.*

Tritons all the while attending  
 With a kind and gentle gale.

[Neptune, Amphitrite and Attendants Disappear.]

*Prof.* You look, methinks, in a mov'd sort,  
 As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, Sirs :  
 Our revels now are ended : these our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Arc

Are melted into air, into their air :  
 And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all, which it inherit, shall dissolve ;  
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
 Leave not a wreck behind.  
 Approach !—be visible, my long-lov'd Ariel.

*Enter Ariel and Spirits.*

I thank thy service : now to the elements ;  
 Be free, and fare thou well !—My work is done.  
[Breaks his Wand.]

*Ariel.* Ay, master :  
 Yet, when thou art gone, I and my fellows,  
 Mindful of thy goodness, will thank thee with  
 Our wonted song.

*Quartetto and Chorus of Spirits.*

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ;  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie :  
 There I crouch, when owls do cry.  
 On the bat's back I do fly,  
 After sunset, merrily,

*Chorus.*

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

4 AP 54

THE END.

## EPILOGUE.

Written by the RIGHT HONOURABLE LIEUTENANT-  
GENERAL BURGOYNE,

And spoken by Miss FARRÉN.

STAY!—let the magic scene remain awhile ;  
We have not done with the Enchanted Isle—  
Enchantment rests on *your* benignant smile.  
Ladies, I come, by Prospero's command,  
And vested with this fragment of his wand,  
To help *your* searches for that two-legg'd creature,  
Which late Dorinda felt the *search* of nature.

With all her peeping *two* alone were found,  
And even those were on forbidden ground ;  
Here, where we range at large, do they abound ?

Arm'd with this pow'r we'll scrutinize the kind ;  
It is not form which makes the man, but mind.  
Then even here perhaps the dearth prevails ;—  
We may lack men, though overrun with males.

First, for the middle class, where 'tis confess'd,  
Of manly life we're apt to find the best.  
Yet John sometimes his shape and sex degrades,  
And stoops to rob his sisters of their trades.  
Six feet in height, with sinews of an ox,  
Shoulders to carry coals, and fists to box,—  
Behold—O Shame!—a thing of whip and hem—  
A *He-Miss* Millener—"Your orders, Me'm?—  
"Rouge, lipsalve, chicken gloves, perfumery,  
"Hair cushions, gauzes, *bustles*?—He! he! he!"—

Turn we from him to breed of higher bearing,  
Still Falstaff's men, all radish and cheese-paring!—  
Oh! could he sketch some figures that one sees—  
Tied up with strings at shoes and strings at knees!—

So

So thick the neck-cloth, and the neck so thin !  
He'd swear they bore a poultice for the chin :—  
And lest the cold the adjacent ears should harm,  
See half a foot of cape to keep 'em warm ;  
While the stiff edge, for better purpose made,  
Rubs off the whiskers it was form'd to shade.  
With eyes of fire that vie with snuffs in sockets,  
And hands distress'd for want of waistcoat pockets :  
The crutch of levity directs their gait ;  
And wanghee bends beneath their wangling weight.

But now to shift the scene from men bewitch'd  
To one with Briton's genuine sons enrich'd ;  
In laws, in arms, their country's strength and pride,  
And chosen patterns for the world beside.  
High o'er the croud, inform'd with patriot fire,  
Pure as the virtues that endear his fire !  
See one who leads—as mutual trials prove—  
A band of brothers to a people's love :  
One, who on station scorns to found controul,  
But gains preeminence by worth of soul.  
These are the honours that on reason's plan,  
Adorn the Prince, and vindicate the man.  
While gayer passions, warm'd at nature's breast,  
Play o'er his youth—the feathers of his crest.



